Table of Contents

1. /- The First Blow -\
2. /- Fading Wishes-\
3. A/N
4. /- The Deed -\

/- The First Blow -\

Bluefur stood, watching her kits being killed by a tom. Their own father. She couldn't move. She couldn't make a sound. She wanted to scream and cry and save her dear kits, but she couldn't, and so she watched the blood spread. She watched every painstaking rip, every anguished cry hit her ears.

She felt betrayed. She felt cheated. How could her own mate do this? How could Oakheart be so selfish? Her eyes hardened and her claws dug into the ground as she turned to leave, knowing Oakheart had seen her and regretted his actions, but what's done is done. That's all there is to it.

She walked home and her eyes were dark with pain. She wished she could've saved them, but her paws seemed as though they had been stuck in cement. She dragged her paws through the leaves, gently descending the tunnel.

As she arrived, her clan was worried. They asked and asked, but all that could be heard from the anguished she-cat was the word... 'dead.' The cats stopped as the word left her jaws. Crying. Saddened screams. Everybody knew what had happened in a matter of minutes. They grieved for Bluefur. They grieved for her kits.

/- Fading Wishes-\

As Bluefur walked, her mind had nothing but grief and rage. She silently wept, yet her eyes were filled with a fiery determination.
She would make him *pay*.
Oakheart would pay for what he'd done with his own flesh, she'd decided.
He would feel what her kits had when he murdered them.
He.
Would.
Pay.
Yet Bluefur still longed for peace, what she and Oakheart once had. She knew those days were gone, but she wanted them back, more than anything.
'Life. A brutal, cruel force, only motivated by the suffering of those unlucky enough to be plagued by it's ways.' Bluefur thought.
She walked and walked, reaching Sunningrocks where she saw *him*.
It was time for Oakheart to repay his debts.

A/N

Hi! I personally hate writing these, (and reading them for that matter) but I feel I've got to apologize that I haven't updated this in a uh- long time. I will try to remember to write, but I've got a lot going on right now and I just want to say that I will have no set schedule. Don't ask for one, don't suggest one. Ty for reading.

/- The Deed -\

Bluefur leaped. She landed on the back of her ex-mate, claws out. She hissed and growled, tearing at his throat. Her eyes were dark with anguish and rage, clashing but mixing together at the same time to make her stronger.

She stood above the limp tom, glaring. She shoved his body into the river, cleaning her paws and her fur. She went hunting to make it seem as through she went through brambles, and stalked back into camp.

She grinned in her nest, grooming her fur. It was done, but she was still bitter.

I'll just take over the clans. It's that simple.